

The Historie

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderstands Welsh,
And t'is no maruaile he is so humorous,
Birlady, he is a good musician.

La. Then should you be nothing but muscical,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe; and heare the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish.

La. Would'it thou haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'it further then Finsburie.

Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher;
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As *Hot.* Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

of Henry t

Ey. Our booke is drawne, we
And then to horse immediatly.

Mor. With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of W

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, th
Must haue some priuat confere
For we shall presently haue need
I knowe not whether God will
For some displeasing seruice I ha
That in his secret doome, out of
Hee'le breed reuengement and
But thou doest in the passages of
Make me belecue that thou art
For the hot vengeance and the r
To punish my mistreadings. T
Could such inordinate and low c
Such poore, such bare, such lewd
Such barren pleasures, rude socie
As thou art match't withall, and g
Accompany the greatnesse of th
And hold their leuell with thy p

Prin. So please your Maiestie
Quit all offences with as cleare c
As well as I am doubtlesse I can
My selfe of many I am charg'd w
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As in reproofe of many tales de
Which oft the eare of greatnes n
By smiling pickthanks and base
I may for some things true, wher
Hath saltie wandered, and irregu
Find pardon, on my true submis

Kin. God pardon thee, yet let n
At thy affections, which do hold
Quite from the flight of all thy au
Thy place in counsell thou hast r
Which by thy yonger brother is
And art almost an alien to the hea